He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe.
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope
So much miſconſtured in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any prince ſo wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellowes, ſouldiers, friendes,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I can not read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortnes baſely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a ſword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance Percy, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of war,
And by that Muſicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſie.
Here they embrace, the trumpets ſound, the king enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and ſpeaketh to Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King Harry,
This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:
And thou ſhalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kils Blunt, then enter Hotſpur.
Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.
Doug. Als done, als wonne: here breathles lyes the king.
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furniſh't like the king himſelf.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare.
Why didſt thou tel me, that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coates:
Ile murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falſtaffe ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I
ſhot here, here's no ſcoring but vpō the pate. Soft, wh
ſir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vani